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POPULAR TALES.

From the Ladies' Magazine.

MOUNT ROSS—A DUTCH LEGEND.

Concluded.

Baron Ross, mean time, was making rapid advances towards depopulating the Pine Plains of its *shrub-oaks*, and placing in their stead, 'the habitations of men.' It was accomplished as by miracle. And then he erected mills along the creek, and at length approached within a stone's throw of Treen Van Trump's residence, where he built a mansion house for his own accommodation, and passing further on, built mills, and then out houses for his workmen. He called the place Mount Ross, and seated himself down to enjoy the fruits of his labor. But rumour, with her ten thousand tongues, was abroad, and not a Dutchman within ten miles but made it a part of his religion to pray for the downfall of Baron Ross—which meant the same thing as the overthrow of satan, for they verily believed them to be twin-brothers. Who else would have dared to establish himself in the very centre of the Van Trump estate; or who else could have demolished so many trees and bushes, and made so many houses, in so short a time? But there was one, who, let him be what he would, was determined to 'see him out.' And that was Treen Van Trump. She accordingly assailed him club in hand, and after making several furious, unsuccessful attacks on the person of Baron Ross—she all of a sudden yielded to her fate with a calmness and submission really astonishing. And when, at length, she received orders from the Baron, to remove with her goods and chattels, to a little mud-walled hut, at the very out skirts of what she had until lately considered her kingdom, she obeyed without uttering a syllable, or even making a wry face. The great Corsican might have lived to this day, if he had followed her example, and yielded up the love of power peaceably.

Various were the conjectures which were offered on the occasion. The Sages and burgo-masters assembled in solemn divan, to

smoke and determine the cause. One thought that Treen Van Trump was not the one to practice such submission without some powerful motive—she must be plotting revenge, and would soon come out in her true colours. Another thought her reason was on the wane—and a third that she was already *stark mad*. These surmises were all given in genuine Dutch, but my readers, most probably, are not learned in that language, and so I have given them the translation. There is nothing like a little benevolence. At length, one Sage, more knowing than his cotemporaries, gave a most significant shake of the head, accompanied by a very mysterious roll of the eye, while a slow and solemn curl of smoke seemed to heighten the effect, and said nothing—but which was fairly construed to mean every thing. And from that hour, was Treen Van Trump invested with all the rights, privileges, and honors of the magical broomstick. And her feats of agility, and other performances, were truly surprising. She was often seen 'sky high,' making excursions by moonlight—no bigger than a rat: and anon, she would stretch herself out to such Tityan dimensions, as to eclipse more than nine acres of the brightest moonshine—and never a storm raged, or a keen North wester blew, but Treen Van Trump was sure to take the lead. She became, in short, their tutelary goddess, and presided over not only wind and weather, but merchandise and agriculture—and it was fully demonstrated that births, deaths, and marriages were propitious only as her conciliatory approbation was purchased by sacrifice and oblation. She was hence forth no longer called Treen Van Trump—but *Spook Treen*, which was considered the very highest honorary title, bating that of *Dominie*, which any modest christian ought to aspire to.

Years passed on, and Mount Ross became in some degree, *civilized*. Now and then a Yankee schoolmaster dropped in upon them like a second Solomon, and made the Dutchmen stare at his 'world of larnin,'—and now and then, a tin pedlar from the same fruitful source,

caused the like astonishment from the facility with which he could 'cheat the Dutch':—and all this helped to civilize them.

But years rolled on, and brought up the time when my patient readers were first introduced to the smokers on the stoop. Jacob Cone, having smoked himself into the good graces of Honce Van Trump and Derick Van Doozen, soon found means to assuage his hunger, and a hearty welcome to boot. As soon as the landlady ascertained that he was no school-master, nor tin pedlar, but a quiet pilgrim, journeying to the land of plenty, he lacked for nothing but ability to demolish all the precious Dutch dainties which were set before him. I have not time to enumerate them, and if I had, their etymology is of too doubtful origin to add any lustre to the culinary department of American literature—one dish excepted, known by the name of *Dutch Cheese*. You take a bowl of the sourest, thickest milk you can find—simmer it five minutes over a gentle fire—whey it off gradually—sprinkle a handful of fine salt on the curd, and set it in the sun to ferment. Let it remain in the sun nine days. It will by that time have acquired a gluey consistence, and become pretty well covered with blue and yellow mould, to say nothing of its salubrious, luscious odor—then make it up in balls about the size of an apple, and arrange them on a board in the sun, to harden and dry. They will be fit for use in about a week—and to those who wish to save their money, instead of giving it to the dairy-women, it constitutes a very cheap, *delicate* relish, with your pie, or your bread and butter.

N. B. The whey, after being separated from the curd, must not be thrown away—by boiling it a few minutes, and dropping into it some wheat batter, a very *palatable* dish is prepared, of which the Dutch are extravagantly fond. It is called *sour-pop*, and is well worthy the consideration of frugal house-keepers.

I should ask pardon for this digression, but for the benefit which I feel conscious of having conferred on the ladies. They get the receipts for nothing—that is, I presume Mrs. Hale will charge nothing *extra* for the Magazine, which will be so much clear gain—and then that money, with a few cents added to it, they can easily give to the Bunker Hill Monument.

Jacob Cone found out during his repast (for he knew the science of asking questions, and his landlady was somewhat garrulous withal) the political state of Mount Ross, and among other matters that *Spook Treen* lived in a cottage about one mile from there, through a *haunted* wood. And then her powers of magic were set forth, with all their sublime horrors: and finally, that she could tell people (provided they would call alone, and at night) just how long they were to live, and just who they were to marry, and just what their fortune was to be. This was touching the very cord which set all Jacob's limbs in motion; like the *dancing Jack*, whose locomotive power, as every

child knows, depends upon the pulling of a single string. And he resolved forthwith to tarry for the night, and offer himself as a candidate to fortune's favor, although his dollar might suffer the loss of a dime or so. 'Nothing venture, nothing have,' thought Jacob as he sallied out just after night-fall, and bent his 'winding way' towards the cottage of *Spook Treen*. He had fortified his courage with a glass of good old cider; for he felt that it was a hazardous undertaking. And as he slowly moved forward, meditating on the uncertainty of human affairs, particularly those which related to his present errand, he thought he heard the sound of footsteps behind him. He quickened his pace, and strove like a man to quell his rising fears, but the footsteps still pursued him. He redoubled his speed, and so did his pursuer. 'Desperate cases require desperate measures,' thought Jacob, as he set out upon a full run. He longed as ardently as did Lot's wife, to take a peep behind him, but the enemy was close at his heels, and he feared to lose the time, lest he should be seized by the collar, and dragged he knew not whither. He was confident that if his pursuer was not *Spook Treen*, it was at least one of her agents—and there was an end of his fortune—and now he should never know who he was to marry—and he wished a thousand times over and over that he had never wandered from home. But he had no time to repent—his pursuer was near tripping him down, and he felt that all he could do was to run for his life, and even then, perhaps lose it, after all. He was already half dead with fatigue, and fright, and vexation—and his old shoes he could scarcely keep on his feet—they were down at the heel, and out at the toe, and he was out of breath; and come life, or come death, he could run no farther.

'Angels and ministers of grace defend us!' doubtless our hero would have exclaimed, had he been a poet. But as it was, he gave such utterance as he could, and sunk down—not upon his knees, kind reader, as was his intention, but souse into the mill-pond—old shoes and all! * * * * *

In less than two days, Jacob Cone was at home, in good old New England—completely cured of his *ducking*, and his *spirit of emigration*. How he managed to crawl out of his watery bed, and grope his 'winding way' to the open field. How he then pushed his '*march of mind*' directly Eastward, without turning to the right, or to the left. How he discovered on the way that his formidable pursuer was no other than the clattering of his old shoes—poor things—victims of age and hard service. How he betook himself to the axe, and the plough, and married him a wife, and turned out a good, substantial farmer—I should be happy to give in detail, and at large, as the lawyers say, but really I have not room. S*****.

P. S. I must tell my readers, room, or no room, that the Dutchmen and Dutch women of Mount Ross, are wondering to this day, what *Spook Treen* did with Jacob Cone!!

THE MAIN TRUCK, OR A LEAP FOR LIFE.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

'Stand still! how fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
'The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumbered, idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no more;
Lost my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.'—*Shakespeare.*

Among the many agreeable associates whom my different cruises and wanderings have brought me acquainted with, I can scarcely call to mind a more pleasant and companionable one than Tom Scupper. Poor fellow! he is dead and gone now—a victim to that code of false honor which has robbed the navy of too many of its choicest officers. Tom and I were mess-mates during a short and delightful cruise, and, for a good part of the time, we belonged to the same watch.—He was a great hand to spin yarns, which, to do him justice he sometimes told tolerably well; and many a long mid-watch has his fund of anecdote and sea stories caused to slip pleasantly away. We were lying, in the little schooner to which we were attached, in the open roadstead of Laguyra, at single anchor, when Tom told the story which I am about to relate, as nearly as I can remember, in his own words. A vessel from Baltimore had come into Laguyra that day, and by her I received letters from home, in one of which there was a piece of intelligence that weighed very heavily on my spirits. For some minutes after our watch commenced, Tom and I walked the deck in silence, which was soon however, interrupted by my talkative companion, who perceiving my depression, and wishing to divert my thoughts, began as follows:

The last cruise I made in the Mediterranean was in old Ironsides, as we used to call our gallant frigate. We had been backing and filling for several months on the western coast of Africa, from the Canaries down to Messurado, in search of slave traders; and during that time we had some pretty heavy weather. When we reached the Straits, there was a spanking wind blowing from about west-south-west; so we squared away, and, without coming-to at the Rock, made a straight wake for old Mahon, the general rendezvous and place of refitting for our squadrons in the Mediterranean. Immediately on our arriving there, we warped alongside the Arsenal quay, where we stripped ship to a girtline, broke out the holds, tiers, and store-rooms, and gave her a regular built overhauling from stem to stern. For a while every body was busy, and all seemed bustle and confusion. Orders and replies, in loud and dissimilar voices, the shrill pipings of the different boatswain's mates, each attending to separate duties, and mingled clatter and noise of various kinds of work, all going on at the same time, gave something of the stir and animation of a dock-yard to the usually quiet arsenal of Mahon. The boatswain and his crew were engaged in fitting a new gang of rigging; the gunner in repairing his breechings and gun tackles; the fo'castle men

in calking; the topmen in sending down the yards and upper spars; the holders and waist-ers in whitewashing and holy-stoning; and even the poor marines were kept busy, like beasts of burden, in carrying breakers of water on their backs. On the quay, near the ship, the smoke of the armourer's forge, which had been hoisted out and sent ashore, ascended in a thin black column through the clear blue sky; from one of the neighboring white-stone warehouses the sound of saw and hammer told that the carpenters were at work; near by a livelier rattling drew attention to the cooper, who in the open air was tightening the water casks; and far removed, under a temporary shed, formed of spare studding sails and tarpaulins, sat the sail maker and his assistants, repairing the sails, which had been rent and injured by the many storms we had encountered.

Many hands, however, make light work, and in a very few days all was accomplished: the stays and shrouds were set up and new rattled down; the yards crossed, the running rigging rove, and sales bent; and the old craft, fresh painted and all a-taunt-o, looked as fine as a midshipman on liberty. In place of the storm stumps, which had been stowed away among the booms and other spare spars, amidships, we had sent up the cap to gallant masts and royal poles, with a sheave for skysails, and hoist enough for sky-scrapers above them; so you may judge that the old frigate looked pretty taunt. There was a Dutch line-ship in the harbour; but though we only carried forty-four to her eighty, her main-truck would hardly have reached to our royal masthead. The side-boys, whose duty it was to lay aloft and furl the sky-sails, looked no bigger on the yard than a good-sized duff for a midshipman's mess and the main truck seemed not half as large as the Turk's-head-knot on the main-ropes of the accommodation ladder.

When we had got every thing shipshape and man-of-war fashion, we hauled out again, and took our birth about half way between the Arsenal and Hospital Island; and a pleasant view it gave us of the town and harbor of old Mahon, one of the safest and most tranquil places of anchorage in the world. The water of this beautiful inlet—which though it makes about four miles into the land, is not much over a quarter of a mile in width—is scarcely ever ruffled by a storm, and on the delightful afternoon to which I now refer, it lay as still and motionless as a polished mirror, except when broken into momentary ripples by the paddles of some passing waterman. What little wind we had in the fore part of the day, died always at noon, and, though the first dog-watch was almost out, and the sun was near the horizon, not a breath of air had risen to disturb the deep serenity of the scene. The Dutch liner, which lay not far from us, was so clearly reflected in the glassy surface of the water, that there was not a rope about her,

from her main-stay to her signal halliards, which the eye could not distinctly trace in her shadowy and inverted image. The buoy of our best bower floated abreast our larboard bow; and that, too, was so strongly imaged, that its entire bulk seemed to lie above the water, just resting on it, as if upborne on a sea of molten lead; except now and then the wringing of a swab, or the dashing of a bucket overboard from the head, broke up the shadow for a moment, and showed the substance but half its former apparent size. A small pollacca craft had got underway from Mahon in the course of the forenoon, intending to stand over to Barcelona; but it fell dead calm just before she reached the chops of the harbor; and there she lay as motionless upon the blue surface, as if she were only part of a mimic scene from the pencil of some accomplished painter. Her broad cotton lateen-sails, as they hung drooping from the slanting and taper yards, shone with a glistening whiteness that contrasted beautifully with the dark flood in which they were reflected; and the distant sound of the guitar, which one of the sailors was listlessly playing on her deck, came sweetly over the water, and harmonized well with the appearance of every thing around. The white-washed walls of the lazaretto, on a verdant headland at the mouth of the bay, glittered like silver in the slant rays of the sun; and some of the windows were burnished so brightly by the level beams, that it seemed as if the whole interior of the edifice were in flames. On the other side the romantic and picturesque ruins of Fort St. Philip, faintly seen, acquired double beauty from being tipped with the declining light; and the clusters of ancient-looking wind-mills, which dot the green eminences along the bank, added, by the motionless state of their wings, to the effect of the unbroken tranquillity of the scene.

Even on board our vessel, a degree of stillness unusual for a man-of-war prevailed among the crew. It was the hour of their evening meal; and the low hum that came from the gun-deck had an indistinct and buzzing sound, which, like the tiny song of bees of a warm summer noon, rather heightened than diminished the charm of the surrounding quiet. The spar-deck was almost deserted. The quarter-master of the watch, with his spy-glass in his hand, and dressed in a frock and trousers of snowy whiteness, stood aft upon the taffrel, erect and motionless as a statue, keeping the usual look-out. A groupe of some half a dozen sailors had gathered together on the fo'castle, where they were supinely lying under the shade of the bulwarks; and here and there, upon the gunslides along the gangway, sat three or four others—one, with his clothes bag beside him, overhauling his simple wardrobe; another working a set of clues for some favorite officer's hammock; and a third engaged, perhaps, in carving his name in rude letters upon the handle of a jack-knife, or in

knotting a lanyard with which to suspend it round his neck.

On the top of the boom cover, and in the full glare of the level sun, lay black Jake, the jig-maker of the ship, and a striking specimen of African peculiarities, in whose single person they were all strongly developed. His flat nose was dilated to unusual width, and his ebony cheeks fairly glistened with delight, as he looked up to the gambols of a large monkey, which, clinged to the main-stay, just above Jack's woolly head, was chattering and grinning back at the negro, as if there existed some means of mutual intelligence, between them. It was my watch on deck, and I had been standing several minutes leaning on the main fife-rail, amusing myself by observing the antics of the black and his congenial playmate; but at length, tiring of the rude mirth, had turned towards the taffrel, to gaze on the more agreeable features of that scene which I have feebly attempted to describe. Just at that moment a shout and a merry laugh burst upon my ear, and looking quickly round, to ascertain the cause of the unusual sound on a frigate's deck, I saw little Bob Stay (as we called our commodore's son) standing half way up the main-hatch ladder, clapping his hands and looking aloft at some object that seemed to inspire him with a deal of glee. A single glance to the mainyard explained the occasion of his merriment. He had been coming up from the gun deck, when Jacko, perceiving him on the ladder, dropped suddenly down from the main stay, and running along the boom cover, leaped upon Bob's shoulder, seized his cap from his head, and immediately darted up the main-top-sail sheet, and thence to the bunt of the main yard, where he now sat picking threads from the tassel of his prize, and occasionally scratching his side and chatting, as if with exultation for the success of his mischief. But Bob was a sprightly active fellow; and though he could not climb quite as nimbly as the monkey, yet he had no mind to lose his cap without an effort to regain it. Perhaps he was the more strongly incited to make chase after Jacko, from noticing me to smile at his plight, or by the loud laugh of Jake, who seemed inexpressibly delighted at the occurrence, and endeavored to evince, by tumbling about the boom cloth, shaking his huge misshapen head, and sundry other grotesque actions; the pleasure for which he had no words.

'Ha, you d——n rascal, Jacko, hab you no more respect for de young officer, den to steal his cab? We bring you to de gangway, you black nigger and gib you a dozen on de bare back for a tief.'

The monkey looked down from his perch as if he understood the threat of the negro, and chattered a sort of defiance in answer.

'Ha, ha! Massa Stay, he say you mus' ketch him fore you flog him; and its no so easy for a midshipman in boots to ketch a monkey bare-foot.'

A red spot mounted to the cheek of little Bob, as he cast one glance of offended pride at Jake, and then sprang across the deck to Jacob's ladder. In an instant he was half way up the rigging, running over the ratlines as lightly as if they were an easy flight of stairs whilst the shrouds scarcely quivered beneath, his elastic motion. In a second more his hand was on the futtocks.

'Massa Stay!' cried Jake who sometimes, from being a favorite, ventured to take liberties among the younger officers, 'Massa Stay, you best crawl through de lubber's hole—it take a sailor to climb de futtock shroud.'

But he had scarcely time to utter his pretended caution before Bob was in the top. The monkey in the meanwhile had awaited his approach, until he had got nearly up the rigging, when it suddenly put the cap on its own head and running along the yard to the opposite side of the top, sprang up a rope, and thence to the topmast backstay, up which it ran to the topmast cross trees, where it again quietly seated itself, and resumed its work of picking the tassel to pieces. For several minutes I stood watching my little messmate follow Jacko from one piece of rigging to another, the monkey all the while seeming to exert so much agility as was necessary to elude the pursuer, and pausing whenever the latter appeared to be growing weary of the chase. At last by this kind of manouvering, this mischievous animal succeeded in enticing Bob as high as the royal-mast head, when springing suddenly on the royal stay, it ran nimbly down to the foretop gallant-mast head, thence down the rigging to the foretop, when leaping on the foreyard, it ran out to the yard-arm, and hung the cap on the end of the studding-sail boom, where taking its seat, it raised a loud and exulting chattering. Bob by this time was completely tired out, and, perhaps unwilling to return to the deck to be laughed at for his fruitless chase, he sat down in the royal cross-trees; while those who had been attracted by the sport, returned to their usual avocations or amusements. The monkey no longer the object of pursuit or attention, remained but a little while on the yard-arm; but soon taking up the cap, returned in towards the slings, and dropped it down upon deck.

Some little piece of duty occurred at this moment to engage me, as soon as which was performed, I walked aft, and leaning my elbow on the taffrel, was quickly lost in the recollection of scenes very different from the small pantomime I had just been witnessing. Soothed by the low hum of the crew, and by the quiet loveliness of every thing around, my thoughts had travelled far away from the realities of my situation, when I was suddenly startled by a cry from black Jake, which brought me on the instant back to consciousness.

'My God! Massa Scupper,' cried he, 'Massa Stay is on de main-truck!'

A cold shudder ran through my veins, as the word reached my ear. I cast my eyes up—it was too true! The adventurous boy, after resting on the royal cross-trees, had been seized with a wish to go still higher, and impelled by one of those impulses by which men are instigated to place themselves in situations of imminent peril, without a possibility of good resulting from the exposure, he had climbed the skysail pole, and, at the moment of my looking up, was actually standing on the main-truck! a small circular piece of wood on the very summit of the loftiest mast, and at a height so great from the deck that my brain turned dizzy as I looked up at him. The reverse of Virgil's line was true in this instance. It was comparatively easy to ascend—but to descend—my head swam round, and my stomach felt sick at the thought of the perils comprised in that one word. There was nothing above him or around him but the empty air—and beneath him, nothing but a point, a mere point—a small unstable wheel, that seemed no bigger from the deck than the button on the end of a foil, and the taper skysail-pole itself scarcely larger than the blade. Dreadful temerity! If he should attempt to stoop, what could he take hold of to steady his descent? His feet quite covered up the small and fearful platform that he stood upon, and beneath that a long, smooth naked spar, which seemed to bend with his weight, was all that held him from destruction. An attempt to get down from 'that bad eminence,' would be almost certain death; he would inevitably lose his equilibrium, and be precipitated to the deck a crushed and shapeless mass. Such was the nature of the thought that crowded through my mind as I first raised my eye, and saw the terrible truth of Jake's exclamation. What was to be done in the pressing and horrible exigency? To hail him, and inform him of his danger, would be but to ensure his ruin. Indeed I fancied that the rash boy already perceived the imminence of his peril; and I half thought that I could see his limbs begin to quiver, and his cheek turn deadly pale. Every moment I expected to see the dreadful catastrophe. I could not bear to look at him, and yet could not withdraw my gaze. A film came over my eyes, and a faintness over my heart. The atmosphere seemed to grow thick, and to tremble and waver like the heated air around a furnace; the mast appeared to totter, and the ship to pass from under my feet. I myself had the sensations of one about to fall from a great height, and making a strong effort to recover myself like that of a dreamer who fancies he is shoved from a precipice I staggered up against the bulwarks.

When my eyes were once turned from the dreadful object, to which they had been riveted, my sense and consciousness came back. I looked round me, the deck was already crowded with people. The intelligence of poor Bob's temerity had spread through the ship like wild

fire—as such news always will—and the officers and crew were all crowding to the deck to behold the appalling—the heart-rending spectacle. Every one, as he looked up, turned pale, and his eye became fastened in silence on the truck—like that of a spectator of an execution on the gallows—with a steadfast, unblinking and intense, yet abhorrent gaze, as if momentarily expecting a fatal termination to the awful suspense. No one made a suggestion—no one spoke. Every feeling, every faculty seemed to be absorbed and swallowed up in one deep, intense emotion of agony. Once the first lieutenant seized the trumpet, as if to hail poor Bob, but he had scarce raised it to his lips, when his arm dropped again, and sunk listlessly down beside him, as if from a sad consciousness of the utter inutility of what he had been going to say. Every soul in the ship was now on the spar deck, and every eye was turned to the main-truck.

At this moment there was a stir among the crew near the gangway, and directly after another face was added to those on the quarter deck—it was that of the commodore, Bob's father. He had come alongside in a shore boat, without having been noticed by a single eye, so intense and universal was the interest that had fastened every gaze upon the spot where poor Bob stood trembling on the awful verge of fate. The commodore asked not a question, uttered not a syllable. He was a dark-faced, austere man, and it was thought by some of the midshipmen that he entertained but little affection for his son. However that might have been, it was certain that he treated him with precisely the same strict discipline that he did the other young officers, or if there was any at all, it was not in favor of Bob. Some, who pretended to have studied his character closely, affirmed that he loved his boy too well to spoil him and that intending him for the arduous profession in which he had himself risen to fame and eminence, he thought it would be of service to him to experience some of its privations and hardships at the outset.

The arrival of the commodore changed the direction of several eyes, which now turned on him to trace what emotions the danger of his son would occasion. But their scrutiny was foiled. By no outward sign did he show what was passing within. His eye still retained its severe expression, his brow the slight frown which it usually wore, and his lip its haughty curl. Immediately on reaching the deck, he had ordered a marine to hand him a musket, and with this stepping aft, and getting on the look-out block, he raised it to his shoulder, and took a deliberate aim at his son, at the same time hailing him, without a trumpet, in his voice of thunder.

'Robert!' cried he, 'jump! jump overboard! or I'll fire at you.'

The boy seemed to hesitate, and it was plain that he was tottering, for his arms were thrown out like those of one scarcely able to retain

his balance. The commodore raised his voice again, and in a quicker and more energetic tone, cried,

'Jump! 'tis your only chance for life.'

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, before the body was seen to leave the truck and spring out into the air. A sound between a shriek and a groan, burst from many lips. The father spoke not, sighed not, indeed he did not seem to breathe. For a moment of intense agony, a pin might have been heard to drop on deck. With a rush like that of a cannon ball the body descended to the water, and before the waves closed over it, twenty stout fellows, among them several officers, had dived from the bulwarks. Another short period of bitter suspense ensued. It rose—he was alive! his arms were seen to move!—he struck out towards the ship!—and despite the discipline of a man-of-war, three loud huzzas, an outburst of unfeigned and unrestrainable joy from the hearts of our crew of five hundred men, pealed through the air, and made the welkin ring. Till this moment the old commodore had stood unmoved.—The eyes, that glistened with pleasure, now sought his face, saw that it was ashy pale. He attempted to descend the horse-block, but his knees bent under him; he seemed to gasp for breath, and put his hand as if to tear open his vest; but before he accomplished his object, he staggered forward, and would have fallen on the deck, had he not been caught by Black Jake.—He was borne into his cabin, where the surgeon attended him, whose utmost skill was required to restore his mind to its equability and self-command, in which he at last happily succeeded. As soon as he recovered from the dreadful shock, he sent for Bob, and had a long confidential conference with him; and it was noticed when the little fellow left the cabin that he was in tears. The next day we sent down our taunt and dashy poles, and replaced them with the stump-to-gallant-masts and on the third, we weighed anchor, and made sail for Gibraltar.

BIOGRAPHY.

SKETCHES OF BIOGRAPHY.

Andrew Brown, a colonel in the American army; distinguished himself at the battles of Bunker Hill and Lexington; after the war, he removed to Philadelphia, and established the 'Federal Gazette'; died 1797.

Wm. Cullen Bryant, an eminent writer was born in Cornington, Mass.; his pure taste, and cultivated genius, have excited admiration on both sides the Atlantic; he now resides in New-York.

Rt. Hon. John Burgoyne, a privy councillor of Ireland, Lieut. general of the British army, author of three dramatic pieces, viz. 'The Heiress,' 'The Lord of the Manor,' and 'Richard coeur de Lion.' He surrendered his whole army after a sanguinary battle on the 17th Oct.

1777, to Gen. Gates, consisting of more than 5000 men, 42 peices of brass cannon, 7000 muskets, clothing sufficient for 7000 men, with a great quantity of tents and military stores. Gen. Wilkinson, who fought under Gen. Gates, gives the following account of the meeting of the two commanding officers:

'Gen. Gates, advised of Burgoyne's approach met him at the head of the camp—Burgoyne in a rich royal uniform, and Gates in a plain blue frock. When they had approached nearly within sword's length, they reined up, and halted. I then named the gentleman, and Gen. Burgoyne, raising his hat most gracefully, said, 'The fortune of war, Gen. Gates, has made me your prisoner;' to which the conqueror, returning a courtly salute, replied, 'I shall always be ready to bear testimony that it has not been through any fault of your Excellency.' Burgoyne died in Eng. Aug. 4, 1792.

Wm. Burnett, son of the celebrated Bishop Burnett, was appointed governor of New-York and New-Jersey in 1720; of Mass. and N. Hampshire in 1728: died in 1729.

Aaron Burr, a native of N. Y. was elected Vice-President in 1801, a brilliant orator and statesman. He is also notorious for being the leader of the celebrated conspiracy of 1806-7, to divide the union. He now resides in New-York.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SHORTNESS OF TIME.

It is a curious paradox in regard to time, that every body complains of its shortness, taken in its separate parts. Who, that looks back upon life, does not feel that it has been short—scarcely more than a span? Who, that looks forward to some desirable event, though it be but a day or two, does not feel that the time is long, and every minute wearisome until it arrives? So strangely are the human feelings constituted, that mankind would, if possible, annihilate the brief portions of time that hang heavy on their hands: and when gone, they would make any sacrifice to recall them. They are apt to look towards the future, as it were through a long perspective; and to survey the past through a glass that brings every thing near the eye. The past is short, because it is past; and the future is long, because it is to come. Soon the long future will be short past, and man will wonder, as he ever has done, how he could be insensible to the rapidity of its flight.—*N. Y. Constellation.*

A Damper.—A young man from the country, lately volunteered his services to gallant a young lady home from a party. On the way he cudjelled his brains for some interesting topic of conversation to amuse her with, but in vain; he could hit on nothing until they met several cows, when the swain said, with much simplicity of manner, 'Now isn't it strange what a motherly appearance a cow has?' To

which the lady replied, 'I do not think it strange, sir, that a cow should have a motherly appearance to a calf.' The beau was silent during the rest of the walk.

A lawyer, engaged in a cause before the Judge, tormented a poor German witness so much with questions, that the old man declared he was so much exhausted that he must have a drink of water before he could say any thing more. Upon this, the Judge called out to the teasing lawyer, 'I think, sir, you must have done with that witness now, for you have pumped him dry.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 6, 1830.

The Denounced.—This is the title of a new novel by the author of 'Tales of the O'Hara Family.' We have not read it, and therefore cannot form any judgment as to its merits; but the productions of such an author cannot fail to excite a powerful interest, and British criticism is already in its favor.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We welcome our new correspondent, 'Miss Taylor,' to our columns, and shall insert her story in our next paper.

The communication of 'Elpino' is received and would have been attended to, ere this, but for our numerous engagements and our dread of encountering his extremely fine writing, a few lines of which, from the paleness of the ink, we fear it will be impossible to decipher. We shall, however, put on our editorial spectacles, at our first moment of leisure, and commence reading it in good earnest, when, if we can make any thing of the unintelligible part, and the whole is deemed worthy, it shall receive an early insertion.

The sketch by 'A.' received some time since, is certainly written in a very fine style and shows a highly cultivated mind; but the idea, that a girl of any mind is dying because some fool said 'she had set her cap,' is truly ludicrous. The writer should have assigned some cause for her mortal melancholy worthy the effect, and then we should have complimented his story.

SUMMARY.

Indian Lands.—It is stated that 6,400,000 acres of land will be acquired by the late treaty with the Chickasaws.

American Cottons.—The Raleigh Register says:—'In a letter written by the Rev. Mr. Dwight from Constantinople to a friend in Utica, N. Y. he states that our Cotton Goods are in good reputation at that place—so much so, that the English actually put American stamps on their goods, to sell them to better advantage.'

The Rev. Benjamin T. Onderdonk, of New-York, has been appointed successor to the Right Rev. Bishop Hobart.

Rouget de Lisle, the author of the Marseilles Hymn, sold on the 18th August, the copy-right of no less than 60 national songs.

The tolls collected on the state canals up to the 1st of September, amount to \$514,000; being about \$100,000 more than were collected in the same period last year.

It is stated that about 1000 men are now employed in making the Albany and Schenectady rail road, which, it is expected, will be completed next year. The stock has recently advanced 10 per cent.

An engraving has been published in Paris, representing Charles X. in the character of a mendicant; holding out a cocked hat, to which is attached a white cockade, and saying, 'Take pity on a blind man!'

It is said that a gentleman in Boston has employed for the last four months from 5 to 600 females who have made 20,000 different garments.

MARRIED.

On Sunday evening the 24th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Whitecomb, Mr. Enoch Frost to Miss Charlotte Allen, all of this city.

On Monday evening, the 26th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Whitcomb, Mr. James Stanley, to Miss Maria Morris.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Foss, Mr. John Richardson, of the Hudson Printworks, (formerly of Yorkshire, England,) to Miss Rachel Heydenbark.

At Ghent, on the 23d ult. by William Smith, Esq. Mr. Daniel Speed, to Miss Caty Eckert, all of Hillsdale.

At Port Gibson, on the 19th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Pomeroy, Mr. Daniel Rosman, of Claverack, to Miss Julia Allen, daughter of Stephen Allen, Esq. of the former place.

On the 23d ult. by Adam I. Stravel, Esq. Mr. Henry Anderson, of Taghkanic to Miss Anna Maria Lown, of Copake.

DIED.

In this city, on Thursday the 21st ult. Harriet, daughter of Thomas Bay, Esq. aged 3 years.

At Albany, on Tuesday the 26th ult. Charlotte, only daughter of Edwin G. Lindsey, aged 1 year, 7 months and 2 days.



POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

COLUMBUS' FIRST SIGHT OF LAND.

BY MISS ELLENORE TAYLOR.

Wide o'er the blue Atlantic's breast,
An hymn of praise swelled high,
Startling the sea-bird from its nest
And soaring to the sky.

Oh whence arose that lofty song
In the rich Iberian tongue,
With its solemn tones,
O'er that lone sea which ne'er has heard
Aught but the screeches of the bird,
Or zephyr's varied moans?

A small, but joyful company
Are in those three frail ships,
The hymn of praise that swelled so high
Ascended from their lips.

Who is that man of stately mien
Who towering o'er the rest is seen
From whose bright glistening eye
The gushing tears of rapture flow
O'er cheeks, enkindled with a glow
Of holy ecstasy?

It is the daring Genoese
Who fearlessly unfurled
His sails upon the unknown seas
To seek an unknown world.

He many a tedious year has borne
Neglect and poverty and scorn
In prospect of this hour,—
This glorious hour, in which his name
Is written on the scroll of fame
Beyond oblivion's power.

What wonder, then, that joy should gleam
Forth from his dark, bright eye,
Or, down his cheek, that tears should stream
Of holy ecstasy!

For the Rural Repository.

A FAREWELL.

Farewell ye high and sunny hills,
The fields where I have strayed,
Farewell ye deep and dusty beds,
Where loved ones, friends, are laid—
I leave ye all and turn away,
With sorrow in my heart,
Accursing oft the cruel fate
That bids me thus depart.

Farewell, ye friends who've led me up
Thro' childhood's tender years,
Thy parting blessings I receive,
In anguish and in tears—
Come good, come ill, whate'er my lot,
Where'er my feet may roam,
Remembrance sweet shall cherish still,
My ancient friends and home.

I may not see the land again,
Where first I drew my breath,
But here far, far, from friends removed,
Be garner'd up by death—
And friends I left may drop away,
Into the silent tomb,
And I alone may linger yet
In darkness and in gloom.

My aged sire,* I view thee now,
In memory's mirror bright,
And look upon thy kindness past
Which drowns my feelings quite—
Thy faltering voice in counsel raised,
Yet lingers in my ears,
And I see thee, as I left thee,
In agony and tears.

The memory of thy goodness,
Thy kindness and thy care,
Within my bosom treasured up,
Will stay forever there—
And oh!—how painful is the thought—
Tho' here we meet no more,
My fervent, earnest prayer shall be,
To meet on Jordan's shore.

OSMAR.

* L. H. *** Esq.

THOUGHTS ON PARTING WITH A FRIEND.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

When will parting scenes be o'er,
Separation known no more—
When will friendship bloom again,
Love and bliss forever reign?

When mortality is o'er,
Then will parting be no more—
When misfortune's dreary blast,
Blights the pleasures of the past;
When no gleam of joy I see,
Mem'ry then returns to thee—
Days departed I review,
Scenes of pleasure spent with you.

When will separation cease,—
Friendship's sons unite in peace—
Grief no more oppress the heart—
Friends no more be doom'd to part;
When the scenes of life are o'er,
Friends will meet to part no more.

When thy virtue I review,
Joys departed spent with you;
Hope renews the pleasing strain—
Surely we shall meet again!
Yes when this frail body dies,
We shall meet beyond the skies.

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—A left-tenant (lieutenant.)

PUZZLE II.—Because they are finely tempered with
Steele, (Sir Richard S.)

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Of These Capitals Letters a word may be made,
An adjective, as you will find,
which (sHould It be ever applied to your case)
will Possibly Make you quite blind.

II.

When you go to bed, why is your slipper like an un-
successful dun?

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